Mark 8

"For whoever wants to save their life will lose it but whoever losses their life for me and for the gospel will save it, what good is it for someone to gain the world yet forfeit their soul or what can anyone exchange for their soul "

Colors of Poetry Painting Pictures With Words

Poetry collection, Volume 1

Anesu Zhanje

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COLORS OF POETRY PAINTING PICTURES WITH WORDS

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Written by Anesu Zhanje.

Let's love one another. I Stand for LOVE and PEACE

The love you have within you is enough to change the world

Colors of Poetry
Painting Pictures with Words

“ And a virtuous one
Shell make your load lighter not heavier son”

As I draw closer to God, I find myself becoming more authentic and free. The closer I get to my true self, the more I realize that material possessions and external validation mean little.

I've come to understand that being a good person, a man of virtue, is what truly matters. I strive to lead by example, to be a source of inspiration and guidance for those around me.

In God's word, I've found peace and harmony. I've left behind the things that once consumed me, and I've come to trust in His guidance. I believe that being a man of God means being true to oneself and living a life of virtue.

Sabbath interlude
Break free from chains, let spirit breathe
Commit to cleansing, let truth seep
In holy trinity's sacred space
Find guidance, let love fill the place
Love yourself, find truth in your soul
Don't conform to society's control
Be true to yourself, let your spirit shine
And live life on your own terms, divine
We don't own anyone, we're all free
Belonging to a higher power, you and me
Each with our own path, our own way
Living life with purpose, day by day

Notes

There's great pleasure in putting ideas onto paper and watching them come to life. One day, while out and about, I found myself meditating the state of the economy and its impact on individuals in the country. As I walked, a man approached me, clearly under the influence. He said, "My guy, do you perhaps have a minute for me?" I stopped and waited, choosing not to judge him based on appearances.

He asked if I was from Zimbabwe, and I replied that I was. Then, he posed a question: "Do you know what's important in life?" I remained silent, curious to hear his response. He said, "People are very immature. Human beings are very immature." I listened intently, eager to hear more.

He went on to discuss the laws of energy, which caught me off guard. I hadn't thought about the subject since high school, and it hadn't resonated with me then. However, his words struck a chord: "Nothing is bigger than God. No amount of money can make you bigger than God. No amount of knowledge can make you bigger than God." He seemed to be saying that humans need to align their frequency with a higher power.

This chance encounter left me with much to think about. It highlighted the importance of staying open-minded and non-judgmental, as well as the potential for profound insights from unexpected sources.

Notes

Authenticity is key to finding your own frequency.
What makes you, you? I won't sugarcoat it – I have my flaws and imperfections, but I've always been raw and genuine since day one. That's something people have consistently appreciated about me. It's simple: if you're not faking it, if you're not pretending to be something you're not, then you can be who you truly are. Being raw doesn't mean you won't evolve or change your mindset; it actually facilitates growth because you're open-minded.
When you're self-aware and someone points out your flaws, you can use that feedback to improve. Embracing your imperfections and being true to yourself is crucial. It's black and white: be authentic, and opportunities will

follow. Don't try to be someone you're not – be you, and you'll find your unique frequency

With the light theme, my eyes are weary from staying up all night scrapping for the perfect words. I was doing research, had tea around 12 am, and used a red light to focus. The idea for this collection of poetry was born when I reflected on the direction I wanted for my life. I needed to shift my mindset to facilitate growth, as this project required.

Notes

I'm currently working on my second novel, a significant project that will be adapted into movies and other forms of literature. However, given the time and effort required to polish it, I took a break to focus on poetry. While working on a small gig in Table View that involved artwork and design, I found inspiration for my poetry collection. As I painted, I felt a sense of cohesion in my life, and the experience sparked a creative outpouring. The title "Colors of Poetry: Painting Pictures with Words" reflects my intention to craft vivid, imaginative poetry that paints pictures with words.

Section 1

Landscape of the mind

Clashing Colors

Casually glancing at apologies, I say I did it for myself. It seems unprofessional. The audacity it takes to question authority is how I approach anyone.

You thought I'd lose my mind, you thought about the sleepless nights. I was in solitary with a notepad, applying pressure until the ink bled out. That inspired a whole masterpiece.

Conserve your sanity; this isn't worth it. For diamonds, I won't break a sweat. What's in my soul is worth more than that.

Tragically, I'd like to pause and reflect. Time is passing by, worth a thousand thoughts. Wait, what's it worth? This isn't a William Shakespeare drama, but I'm Hamlet, taking on this tragedy.

Let's explore mortality; it's like you're playing Ophelia's role, driving me crazy. Applying pressure, heart versus reason – that's the dichotomy that's breaking me. 'To be or not to be' – I'm just quoting what inspired a metamorphosis of words that cut deep like blades.

Sharpen your resolve, or you'll get cut deep in these streets.
Those words wrote a story that inspired the sheep, clock or not. Time will tick; they say time is of the essence, but I'll have none of that. Illusions versus reason – it gets congestive. You get what I'm conveying.
A diary entry turned into a public speech – who is still saying they're discreet? Sincerely speaking, you deserve a kick

What fits
What fits? Not the scattered pieces of me
Lying fragmented, a puzzle unseen
Beauty? Not my scars or sorrowful cries
For pain cuts deep, like words that pierce the skies
Razor blades may cut, but words wound more
Leaving scars that bleed forevermore
Smoke screens veil the truth, a mystery unfolds
But when the haze clears, love's warmth enfolds
In the red light district, shadows play
Cards dealt with bloodstains, a fate's dark way
A star dances, caught in a fleeting glance
A heartbreak anniversary, a lingering dance
Given the chance, would you give love a chance?
To love unconditionally, a second chance
Give it your all, yet risk the pain
But what fits

Washed out blues

Lost in the haze of fading light,
I'm fading too, like the ink that fades with time.
I talk to the moon, with stars as my audience,
Watching, silent, as I speak in riddles and parables.
Your eyes, like those of a crook, steal my joy,
And now you're caught in a spiritual jail.
Guns and bullets serve no purpose here,
Where kids outside see ghosts, and truth is hard to hear.
You hint at biological explanations,
But logic breaks down in this dichotomy.
Show you the bigger picture, and you're distant,
Addition and subtraction don't add up,
It's raining cats and dogs
Something is fishy something is odd
Your behavior's been odd, or maybe I'm just critical,
Thinking like a lawyer, catching lies in the fine print.
A lie can be as big as a great white shark,
And not everything that shines is gold, or diamonds in the dark.

Blurring lines

Sky dweller, on borrowed time,
Chasing validation, endless rhyme.
Call it clout, call it fame,
But what's the cost of this hollow game?
In these writings, I give critique,
A mirror held to society's sleek facade.
You chuckle at what's funny, but take it all too seriously,
Seeing is believing, but are you willing to see?
Diary of an old man, this woman's got a lot to say,
Give it a read, give it a listen, but you'd rather shame a trying soul.
You're colorless, far plain, wicked, and vain,
A reflection of the culture that you've created in vain.
We're lost in a sea of superficiality,
Where likes and follows are the ultimate reality.
But what's the substance beneath the surface?
Is it worth the emptiness, the loneliness, the curse?
Why deceive yourself when truth sets free?
You crave happiness, yet live a lie,

Matching a fake frequency.
Did our ancestors fight for freedom's call,
Only for you to render it vain, after all?
Why bust a vein, what's there to gain?
Live authentically, break the chain.
Depression consumes, I know the pain,
It's ugly, it's hell, a fractured refrain.
Catching hands, acting all hands down,
Is that honesty? Is that fragility?
Look deep in your eyes, call that death,
Your ego strikes, bid it farewell, take breath

Interlude

The law of truth is simple, I tell you not
To see beneath the evils, I kid you not
Free will, you say? Is it equal, believe me or not?
Trees of thought, roots reap residual plots
Lies lie beneath lies; can you feel the butterflies?
I kid you not. Plot, and you rot; what do I question?
Kings and queens weep; the kingdom reeks of creeps
What do you care about so deeply? Cut it off; spill the beans, I kid you not

Letters

I'm torn between logic and emotion, my thoughts racing like a runaway train. Cognitive biases cloud my mind, and false dichotomies taunt me with impossible choices.

Couples therapy
Therapy session, how long have you been together?
Not that long. You have kids together?
Yes, we do. Are you guys married?
Yes, we are. So, why are you pushing for a divorce?
You couldn't court each other, now you have to settle in court.
You regret the latter; it's a big dichotomy.
It's breaking you in half, you're circling, trying to square,
But then you're out of shape in this circle of yours.
Why not talk to God? I'm not shaming you.
Why do the kids have to suffer when you knew from the start
This isn't what you wanted? Now you're calling for mediation,
Ruminating with cops and lawyers, trying to keep distance,
So you got a protection order against the one you once claimed to love.
Now couples therapy has turned into a joke.
The dysfunctionality brought together those who wanted to see you apart.

I guess it's a cycle that can end, but you might as well act
As if it's the other way around. The ring that served as a light
In the dark is in a trash can. A wedding that illuminated the city,
But the marriage is being called off. What happened to unity?
What happened to loyalty?
What's love? Love is unconditional, but many treat it
As if it's transactional. You failed to reciprocate his efforts,
And he stuck around only for you, too cut him off.
Hands down, hats off, a round of applause,
But you failed to put your heads together, you failed to put your hands together
And pray to God to save what took you so long to build.
Because you'd rather not communicate, because you'd rather gaslight
And manipulate.
You want to call the shots now he is at the bar taking shots
You want to show case your power now she is afraid to say a word

You want to be the head of the house but yet don't lead by example
You want him to shower you with gifts when he does you call that love
Now he sits and thinks all you want is his money
You only call her for sex but never call to check up on her and now she thinks that's all she has to offer
And you only love her for her body
Subscribing to violence when peace is what you need is self sabotaging
Why not tell him what you want instead of keeping quiet
It's alot that can be solved just by talking
But when egos collide everything falls apart

.

RED
Red Tuesday's here, the amber light's on
Weary blues are hitting , feeling gone
red-light district, love's nowhere found
Preserve your soul, go home, it's the only way around
You think you're standing tall, but you're falling short
Had a head start, but you're chasing the rip
Talk about making a killing, this is real life
Actions and consequences, legally binding, no strife
Stop pretending, find your frequency
Freedom's priceless, but you're trapped in policies
You're a political being, artificial it seems
Go blow some steam, unwind, don't drain your dreams
How are you selling out, liquidating your soul?
Pride's got a hold on you, stop playing the fool
Life's not a game, nothing about this is cool
Find your true self, let your spirit rule

Section 2

Colors of emotions

BE GREEN

Green amidst the blue – trees and seas that breathe and live. Still and sparkling, dig in deep and see the green, touch the green, eat the green. Bask in the sun and see it through; the day is yours, this life is yours to live. Breathe, if anything, breathe. When the day comes that you stop breathing, at least you'll know you've lived.

Heaven is on earth. Listen to the birds sing and drink from the river. Savor the moment, for life's beauty is all around. To go with the winds, to fly with the birds, to live among the trees, and to breathe endlessly – to feel free and be at peace. To be one with the ocean, to move without caution, and to stay in motion. To be one with the stars and the sun, untethered in harmony and peace.

Love and peace are the core of innocence, found deep within. To live is a beautiful concept, and to do so by God's design is to be artistic. Prosper in peace, and let your mind show you what it means to live, for that's your greatest gift. Use your mind to reach new heights and cultivate thoughts that are of good will, for these are your riches.

Unapologetically myself, but green inside – a little garden that we all have within us since childhood. Unfortunately, because of life's seasons, we don't always get to bloom. But everything unfolds in its own time. Understand that you don't need to rush or compare yourself to others. See yourself first, be green, and let your timing be different.

Just because things are going well for someone else doesn't mean it should be the same for you. Let's stop torturing ourselves by comparing. Be at peace with yourself, because honestly, none of this external validation matters. If you have that inner garden, you're actually well off. All you need to do is breathe, smile a little, and take it easy on yourself.

Protect your heart at all times – not by being defensive, but by not breaking your own heart. It has nothing to do with others; it's about keeping your energy positive. Put out love, and watch it come back tenfold. It's that simple.

God lives in nature
Gone with the dust, brought back by the wind,
Lost in the shade, brought back by the sun.
Lost in the sand, brought back by the ocean,
Taken by thoughts, brought back by words.
Lost in the museum, brought back by the music,
A masterpiece in your sight, reflective of who you are.
Dance with the stars; that light is all you need.
Don't stay down for too long, lest you forget
You've got a life to live. Are those battles in those scars?
A hero you are. No words are needed; you're an unsung hero

Interlude

Go and live your life. God's got us all; God's got us all. We're still reaching for the sky. The heavens are calling us, one by one, we go. Let the tears drop, feel it all, cry your heart out. Then give it one more try, give it your all, take your shot.

Garden Interlude

Be like the garden – soak up the water, soak up the sun. Listen without judgment, lend an ear. Remember your roots, deeper than you can comprehend. Your task is to breathe, to live fully. Carry the wisdom of growth with you. As you move forward, look to the stars, don't dwell on the past. Keep moving, keep shining

Blue interlude

Surfers on board, what's at stake? These seas are lifeless, with no lifeguard in sight. We're victims of the waves in a treacherous state. To navigate this world, you must understand the language of the waves. It's a cryptic tongue, written in code. Be cautious, or they'll bite. Remove your blinders and see the truth through the hourglass. Who are you to judge? Tell them to live their life. After all, God gave them one. I wish you all the best; our time together has come to an end. It no longer fits my schedule. Do you believe in divine timing or perfect timing? In the past, I couldn't read between the lines, but you've given me a new perspective. It's not love that's blinding; it's clarity that's essential. You've given me something to think about. Be cautious; surrendering now? Not here. Who's in control? You've shot yourself in the foot. Keep a record; tag it; keep them accountable. A good leader knows when to step aside, not overprice their power.

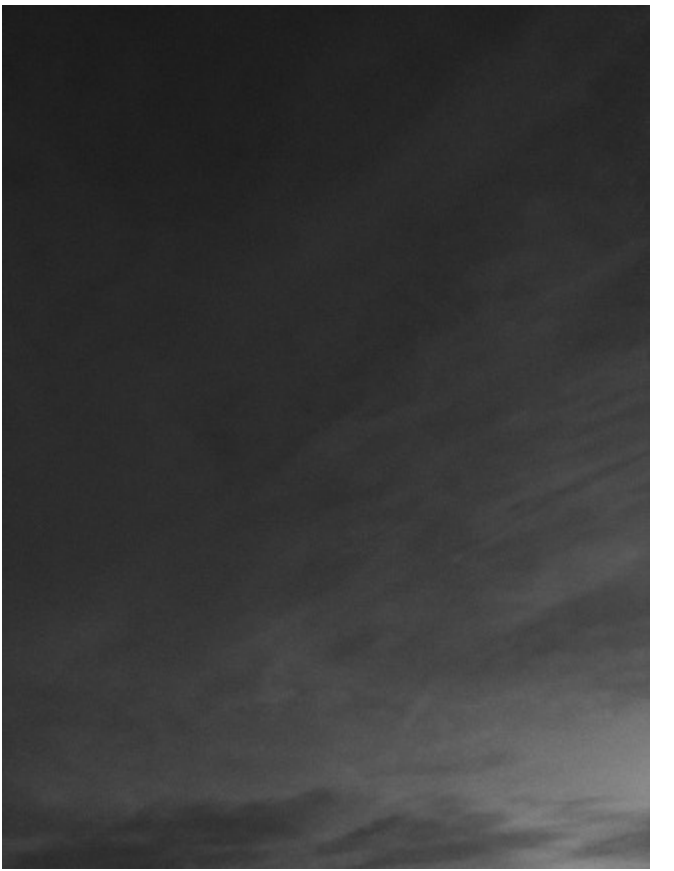
Section 3 shades of self

Crying out loud : orange

HOME
Destiny came calling; you left your phone at home.
On and on it went, your ringtone setting the tone.
A close call, you may call it luck; you picked up the phone,
Just not the one you left at home.
Your heart is not with you, your mind is not with you,
Your soul is not with you, your spirit is not with you.
You left it all at home for a home run you hit
Just before Destiny called.
Feel the chills down your spine; you miss the warmth.
This is what it feels like to be far from home.
Where is home? Is Earth home?
Is Maiden's Cove home? Is New York City home? Is Harare home?

Interlude

Having a scrapbook where I jot down thoughts, draw, and write about funny moments has been therapeutic. All these poems started in that scrapbook I just add to put in the work to add some colors to them you know what I mean this is the first offering, the second installment is steadily waiting for me to get another bucket of paint and a brand new paint brush not in the literal sense though



The end

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FINDING FREQUENCY
Honeymoon

Poetry collection
Colors of Poetry Painting Pictures With Words
Colors of poetry. Vol. 2

Standalone

Sometimes things fall apart
the quiet dedication

About the Author

Anesu Blessing Zhanje a Zimbabwean author born in 2003 is a thought-provoking writer known for exploring the complexities of human relationships, love, and personal growth. With a unique voice that blends vulnerability and introspection, Anesu has captivated readers with their honest and relatable storytelling.

Through their work, Anesu invites readers to reflect on the intricacies of the human experience, from the depths of heartbreak to the beauty of self-discovery. Their writing is characterized by its emotional depth, lyrical prose, and unflinching honesty.

As a writer, anesu continues to push boundaries and challenge conventional narratives, inspiring readers to embrace their own stories and find meaning in the complexities of life.

About the Publisher